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life. Andrew Graham is credited with saying Marcus Tullius Tiro, father of stenography, was a colored man.'"

RANORDINE, RINORDINE, RINOR. — I should be very glad if any one would tell me, or put me in the way of finding out, what legend or tradition or folk-tale underlies the following song, especially the third, fifth, and sixth stanzas. I quote it here from a pocket song-book of the earlier part of the last century; it has also been printed recently, in a somewhat different form, in Trifet's (Boston) "Monthly Budget of Music." The song is current in Missouri and has been for a long time.

One evening as I rambled Two miles below Pomroy,
I met a farmer's daughter, All on the mountains high;
I said, my pretty fair maiden, Your beauty shines most clear,
And upon these lonely mountains, I 'm glad to meet you here.

She said, young man, be civil, My company forsake,
For to my great opinion, I fear you are a rake;
And if my parents should know, My life they would destroy,
For keeping of your company, All on the mountains high.

I said, my dear, I am no rake, But brought up in Venus' train,
And looking out for concealments, All in the judge's name;
Your beauty has ensnared me, I cannot pass you by,
And with my gun I 'll guard you, All on the mountains high.

This pretty little thing, She fell into amaze;
With her eyes as bright as amber, Upon me she did gaze;
Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips, They lost their former dye,
And then she fell into my arms; All on the mountains high.

I had but kissed her once or twice, Till she came to again;
She modestly then asked me, Pray, sir, what is your name?
If you go to yonder forest, My castle you will find,
Wrote in ancient history; My name is Rinordine.

I said, my pretty fair maiden, Don't let your parents know,
For if ye do, they 'll prove my ruin, And fatal overthrow;
But when you come to look for me, Perhaps you 'll not me find,
But I 'll be in my castle; And call for Rinordine.

Come all ye pretty fair maidens, A warning take by me,
And be sure you quit night walking And shun bad company;
For if you don't, you 'll surely rue Until the day you die,
And beware of meeting Rinor, All on the mountains high.

H. M. Belden.

COLUMBIA, MO.

THE TWIST-MOUTH FAMILY. There was once a father and a mother and several children, and all but one of them had their mouths twisted out of shape. The one whose mouth was not twisted was a son named John.